

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 32.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

Price TWOPENCE.

Here and There.

THE new Vaudeville Theatre, under the management of Mr. H. J. Montague, will open to-night with a new address, a new comedy, a new farce, a new burlesque, a new act drop, new scenery, dresses, effects, and, we trust, new triumphs.

The University double racquet match terminated in favour of Oxford. The single match also fell to the dark blues.

Strauss has been decorated. He excuses himself by saying "The ribbon amuses his children."

"N'est-ce pas, monsieur le curé," disait une vieille dame au regrettable abbé de Borie, "n'est-ce pas que mettre du rouge équivaut à un mensonge?"

"Tout au moins à une altération de la vérité," répondit le spirituel abbé.

An *employé* was called upon last week by his chief, a distinguished member of the upper three. Confused and overcome by the honour done him, the good man was at a loss how to express his abasement, but managed to falter out:—"Deign to take a chair, my Lord,—an ARM-CHAIR,—TWO arm-chairs."

Au cercle des—on a découvert trois rois de cœur dans un seul jeu d'écarté tout neuf et paraissant encore vierge.

"Qui on dise après cela que les rois s'en vont!"

An engineer in a mill in Indiana doesn't wear long whiskers any more. They caught in a shaft revolving 600 times a minute the other day, and the result was a clean shave for his face, and a close shave for his life.

Une vieille, très-vieille pécheresse, qui après avoir géré une société en—"comment dites?" sous la folie sociale N. et Cie, se retire des affaires, va faire une fin, une fin courant.

"Qui épouse-t-elle?" demandait-on.

"Un commis 'de nouveautés'."

"Il veut donc changer de spécialité."

Another attempt has been made in New York at establishing a comic weekly paper. It will hardly be credited that the proprietors have called it *Punchinello*. Such a pour of invention in the choice of a name does not argue much for the wit of the articles, and the first number of *Punchinello* seemed inspired by the very genius of dulness.

The convict Rutherford, after a long medical examination, has been reprieved, on the ground that a cicatrix in his neck would interfere with his being hanged comfortably. Neck or nothing!

There have been during the week a dog show and several rattle matches in Paris; the French critics consider the latter diversion from an anti-Shaw point of view, and pronounce it simply "brutale."

Devant le calendrier.

LE MARI: "Tiens, il y a aujourd'hui deux cent vingt-huit ans que Galilée est mort, bonne!"

LA FEMME: "Comme le temps passe!"

The soiled doves of Paris are now arranging their feathers with the utmost simplicity. Plain dresses, high bodies, shepherdesses' hats, ornamented with

"de nos bois une fleur,"—everything quiet, chaste, decorous. Let us hope the reform will not stop at the dress.

Dialogue de restaurant, entre le garçon et le consommateur:

"Comment, pas frais? mais il y a encore cette fine odeur de marée!"

"Chausée!"

Mr. Walton Davies, of North Cheam, Surrey, writes that the nightingale was heard in that locality on the 14th inst.

Within the last fortnight three gamblers have destroyed themselves at Monaco. One blew out his

brains; one cut his throat; and the third went out, after severe losses, and hanged himself. Players continued their little games with undisturbed serenity.

La mère et l'enfant devant un théâtre, surpris par Cham pour le *Charivari*.

LA MÈRE: "Non, mon enfant, les prêtres ne vont pas au théâtre."

L'ENFANT: "C'est-il parce qu'on refuse les pièces du pape?"

NEW SPIRITUAL PEER.—The impending creation of a new see, that of "old Jamaica" is publicly mentioned.

A lady, crossing from Dover on a very rough day last month, was told by the stewardess that her maid was very bad indeed; so she went to see her, and said, "Why, Mary, I am afraid you are very ill." "Yes, if you please, miss, and I think it must be the motion of the vessel."

The New York papers, received yesterday, stated that on the morning of the 30th of March some burglars entered the tomb of Mr. Peabody and stole the silver plates and handles from the casket. The thieves have been arrested, and the plunder recovered. The result of the trial of the prisoners has not yet been ascertained.

From the *Telegraph*:—"The old-established open 'Prize of Padua,' awarded every twenty-fifth year, has on this occasion (1870) been gained by Captain Patten Saunders—'Beneath Verona's Ancient Walls.'" Is this a conundrum?

M. de Puyparlier—the alleged madman, who had wit enough to give his keepers the slip the other day in Paris while a court of law was discussing the question of his sanity, thus putting a sort of insurance on "the glorious uncertainty of the law"—has arrived safely in London. It appears that immediately after his escape he went to the house of one of his friends, where he stopped two hours, and after improvising a disguise, took the railway, crossed the Channel, and landed on English ground. Decidedly M. de Puyparlier has given undisputable evidence of having his wits about him, and looks very much less like a fool than the Paris tribunal which is sitting in judgment upon his state of mind.

A son of the Duke of Manchester, Messrs. Vonner, Lloyd, Herbert (Secretary of Legation), Bayel (Secretary of the Italian Legation), and several ladies, were captured on the 9th inst. by a band of brigands in the vicinity of Marathon, near Athens. The ladies of the party were liberated the next morning, but a ransom of 2,000*l.* has been demanded for the remainder of the prisoners. Cook's party of excursionists (forty-five in number) were quite safe.

Maman donne à Bébé sa leçon de morale et de religion.

"Après ce que je viens de te lire, lui dit-elle, pourrais-tu pardonner à ton ennemi?—à un camarade, par exemple, s'il te frappait?"

"Dame, oui, répond le môme en fermant les poings —s'il était plus grand que moi!"

Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa gave a reading on Monday night, by special desire, in the Town Hall of Waterford, which was so crowded that numbers had to remain on the stairs, having been unable to get into the hall. On Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa's appearance, the entire audience stood up, waving hats and cheering loudly. Great enthusiasm was manifested throughout the reading. The opening chorus, "Let Erin remember," was sung by twelve little boys, Protestants and Catholics in equal numbers. Several local ladies and gentlemen assisted. The reading, according to the *Freeman*, was generally successful.

Information has been received in London that Mr. Lowe's budget, which was telegraphed by the British Indian Submarine Cable on Monday night at 11.25, was published in Bombay on Tuesday morning.

It is proposed to establish a new route to India, which, it is believed, will be a formidable rival to that *via* Brindisi. A railway is to be built connecting the Austrian lines with the harbour of Santi Quaranta, in

Epirus, *via* Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Albania. It is stated that this harbour could be made to hold a sufficiently large number of ships for the purpose, and that the country in its vicinity is very fertile and capable of affording a great opening for its commercial development. It is 760 miles nearer Alexandria than Brindisi, and ships using it for the Indian traffic would avoid the dangerous navigation of the Archipelago.

The Tower subway was temporarily opened to the public on Tuesday afternoon for an hour, between four and five o'clock, and upwards of a hundred passengers were conveyed.

"Sais-tu, Polyte, quelle différence il y a entre une puce et un gilet de flanelle?"

"Pas encore."

"C'est qu'une puce saute toujours tandis qu'un gilet de flanelle ne s'ôte jamais."

Stupeur et ignominie!!!

Sir F. Crossley is almost rivalling in the munificence of his charities the late Mr. George Peabody. He has just given 10,000*l.* towards the erection of a new infirmary in Halifax. He has also proposed to found "a loan fund of 10,000*l.* to assist men and women, between the ages of 25 and 45, who shall have preserved a good character, and been resident in the town for at least two years prior to the application. As to the terms of the loan, there is to be no security asked beyond satisfying the trustees that the borrower possesses as much property as he seeks to borrow. Men may borrow no less than 30*l.* nor more than 300*l.*; women (spinsters or widows) not less than 10*l.* nor more than 100*l.* The interest to be paid will be at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum, and 10*l.* per cent. of the sum borrowed is to be repaid annually to the fund. If the fund should ever accumulate to 30,000*l.*, the trustees may distribute the surplus above that sum to such charities within the parish of Halifax as they may deem deserving." The hon. baronet has likewise given 20,000*l.* to the London Missionary Society and 10,000*l.* to the Pastors' Retiring Fund, societies connected with the congregational body. Here is 50,000*l.* disposed of in the twinkling of an eye!

The approaching Volunteer review at Brighton will naturally call considerable attention to the advantages and capabilities of the place for the incursion of so large a body of men. The place has been pretty well tested for this kind of thing before, and so there is little doubt that the accommodation will be sufficient. Though the town is pretty often used by excursionists, it seems that the provision made for this class of people is insufficient. There are excursionists and incursionists; many like to take "nose-bags," sit on the beach, and have their eight hours at the sea-side for three shillings. But there are others to whom a good restaurant, with pleasant balconies, comfortable rooms, good dinner, news-room, and a billiard table would be a great boon. It is hard to understand why a good, monster, first-class restaurant, overlooking the sea, has not been established at Brighton many years ago. We feel confident it would be a paying speculation.

The *Athenaeum* fixes the 2nd of May as the date of Mr. Disraeli's new work, *Lohair*, and mentions the report that the author was offered 10,000*l.* for its use in a periodical.

It appears that we have a modern Portia in the person of Miss Phoebe Cousins, of St. Louis. This bonny barrister is said to be a young lady of twenty-one; she has black hair, and is strikingly handsome. She is tall, of a very good figure and has a most charming and winning manner. An enthusiast thus describes her:—"She approached the stand with timid gracefulness that won all hearts before she said a word, and then assuming, apparently without design, an exquisite *poisé*, she opened her lips, and the sweet voice came ringing out like coins dropped down a many-fathomed well." Who would like to be defended by this dainty damsel? Upon my word it would be worth while committing a crime to hear her eloquently pleading on your behalf. The best of it would be she would be safe to get you acquitted: no judge or jury could resist the influence of bright eyes. It is almost a question whether the ends of justice would be served by the introduction of young lady barristers.

In the House.

MONDAY, APRIL 4th.—The Royal Assent was given to the Ireland Peace Preservation Act, the Mutiny Act, and Coinage Bill. The Committee on the Irish Land Bill was signalled this evening by the defeat of an amendment in Clause 3—moved by Mr. Disraeli—by a majority of 76.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5th.—The House went again into Committee on the Land Bill, and the Government, as usual, with the aid of their obedient majority, again carried off the honours of the debate.

Mr. P. A. Taylor moved for leave to bring in a Bill to restore the ancient constitutional practice of payment of members, which was refused, without a word being uttered in support of the proposal. Seeing the revelations elicited before the Bribery Commissioners, as to the large sums candidates are willing to pay for the honour of a seat within the walls of St. Stephen's, it seems strange that Mr. Taylor could ever have flattered himself with the smallest hope of success.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7th.—Committee on the Land Bill resumed. Mr. Fowler moved an amendment to limit the compensation for eviction to holders of farms under 50*l.* annual value; which was warmly supported by the Conservatives, and led to a somewhat spirited debate, the proposal being ultimately negatived by a majority of only 32. The announcement of the numbers was greeted with loud cheers from the Opposition, and counter cheers from the Ministerial benches. So near an approach to a victory has not, as yet, warmed the energies of the followers of Mr. Disraeli; but the "People's William" is too strong to be beaten, even on a mere collateral issue.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8th.—*Enore* Committee on the Irish Land Bill, but the debate was devoid of interest.

Sir J. Lubbock moved, and Professor Playfair seconded, in speeches of more than ordinary interest and ability, a resolution condemning the tendency, in the report of the Military Education Commission, to diminish the value hitherto attached to natural and physical science in Military Examination.

Lord E. Cecil opposed the resolution, admitting at the same time, frankly, that it was no easy task to answer two honourable gentlemen who were so well up in their subject as Sir John and the Professor.

Mr. Cardwell, while throwing a sop to Cerberus, in the shape of a few complimentary remarks on the ability with which the debate had been introduced, held out no hopes of the acquiescence of Government in the proposed resolution, which was, consequently, withdrawn.

The Attorney-General brought in a Bill to disfranchise Beverley and Bridgewater; and the debate on Mr. Newdegate's proposal for a committee to inquire into conventual and monastic institutions, which was adjourned, brought the sitting of the House to a close. We should note, however, *en passant*, that Mr. Ayrton gave a sort of promise, in answer to Mr. Herbert, to make some improvement in the comfort of the Ladies' Gallery, which will comprise the addition of tea and toilet rooms, though we hardly venture to expect the removal of the odious birdcage in which the fair ones at present are immured. Mr. Whalley renewed the attacks which have been so often made this Session on the prerogative of the Home Secretary as to the reprieve of condemned prisoners, in this instance *quoad* the convict Rutherford. But Mr. Bruce would have none of this sort of interference, and shut up the honourable "warbler" with a few stinging remarks on the impropriety of his remarks.

MONDAY, APRIL 11th.—The Lords did not sit, but attended in force in the Peers' Gallery to hear Mr. Lowe propound his annual financial statement. To those interested in masses of figures and intricate calculations we commend the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech as reported, *in extenso*, in the daily papers. Suffice it for us to recapitulate briefly the points which are principally interesting to the community at large. He announced to the House that the surplus for the year 1860-70 was nearly 8 millions, of which 4½ millions had been applied to the payment of

the Abyssinian War Bill, and 3 millions to the reduction of taxation, leaving nearly half-a-million in hand. The estimate for the year 1869-70 was 68 millions odd, or a diminution in expenditure, compared with the previous year, of 2½ millions,—due to the various economies introduced by the Government. As to the past, he congratulated the country in having paid 7 millions for the Abyssinian war, 7 millions for the acquisition of the telegraphs, 5 millions for fortifications, and nearly 8 millions towards the reduction of the National Debt. For the present, the estimated expenditure for 1870-71 is 67 millions, or 1½ millions less than last year, due to the savings in the military and naval services. The estimated revenue would be 71½ millions, showing a surplus of 4½ millions with which he had to deal. The question remained, what would he do with it? Drawing an illustration from the distribution of physical pain and sickness throughout the world, which was so arranged as not to bear heavily here and there and leave other quarters exempt, but just to make everybody a little uneasy while life remained tolerable to all, Mr. Lowe announced that he did not intend to remove certain taxes wholesale and leave others untouched, but just to lighten our burdens a little all round. He, therefore, proposed to remove the game licences, imposing instead a licence of 1*l.* on the possession of all fire-arms, a provision which heartily pleased the country members, whose imaginations at once revelled in visions of preserves without poachers, and which will also please all those philanthropists to whom the constant recurrence of accidents with fire-arms are a constant source of lamentation. From this Mr. Lowe was sanguine enough to expect an additional 150,000*l.* of surplus, making a grand total of 4,487,000*l.* for distribution as follows:—

Cost of conversion of Post-office Savings Bank stock into terminable annuities	190,000
Abolition of foot hawkers' licences	16,000
Abolition of licences for still-makers, playing-card sellers, soap-makers, paper-makers, and watchcase-makers	6,000
Hailstorm, cattle, boiler, and plate-glass insurance	1,000
Remission of stamp duties contained in the Consolidated Stamp Act	60,000
Loss to the Revenue on consolidation of stamp acts	50,000
Abolition and reduction of stamps for postage of newspapers and printed matter	125,000
Reduction of tax on railways	108,000
One penny off the Income tax	1,250,000
Half the duty off Sugar	2,350,000
Surplus in hand	331,000
	<u>£4,487,000</u>

Q.E.D.

The general features of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech were his lucid exposition of the broad principles of taxation, the length at which he explained his reasons for not abolishing the malt tax (though in future farmers are to be allowed to steep their own barley as food for their cattle), and his motives in selecting sugar (an important item in the "free breakfast-table" scheme) for enfranchisement, in some measure, from Excise. The interruptions throughout the delivery were frequent and annoying; but, judging from the expressions of approval scattered throughout the short debate which followed on the remission of the sugar duty, we think we may write down Mr. Lowe's financial arrangements as on the whole successful. Mr. Hunt, Mr. Fowler, and Mr. Fielden indifferently expressed what will be generally felt when the matter has been more attentively considered, that both the Malt Tax and the subject of Brewers' Licences should have fairly claimed some share in the benefits at the disposal of the National Treasurer; and with that observation we pass on to

TUESDAY, APRIL 12th.—Signalled by a great rush of postponements of motions, consequent upon the motion of Mr. Gladstone that the House at its rising do adjourn to Monday, the 25th April, for the Easter holidays. The discussion raised by Sir Wilfred Lawson on the conduct of the Government business brought up Mr. Bernal Osborne,

who scolded the Opposition for their obstructiveness in presuming to debate the Land Bill as they had done, to the delay and consequent peril of other important measures. Mr. Mundella followed in the same strain, with the addition of a personal attack on Lord Elcho, who defended his right to maintain his own independence and express his own opinions, and sneered at Mr. Mundella's capacity to lecture either himself or the great party with which he acted.

The Budget Resolutions progressed a stage or two, and the House was finally counted out at a quarter past five.

THE BALLET SONG.

The great Vance squalls in music halls,

Night after night the same dull story;

Yet still it takes with modern rakes,

And girls dressed out in showy glory.

Go, youngster, see, see the gay colours flying,

Go, youngster, hear their voices, lying, lying, lying.

You start, you fear! such things to hear;

Yet start not, do not shrink from going;

These places are quite popular,

And ballet girls their legs are showing!

Go, let us see them, all expense defying,

Go, youngster, hear their voices, lying, lying, lying.

O youth, they lie so soft and sly,

Their voices ring in tones of silver,

Their lips cajole the thoughtless soul,

And smile for ever and for ever.

Go, youngster, go, see the gay colours flying,

And hear their voices, hear them lying, lying, lying.

THE LAST OF LOPEZ.

We read in the *Buenos Ayres Standard* of March 9:—

The Paraguayan war may at last be regarded as concluded. Francisco Solano Lopez is dead, his mother captured; Resquin, his first general, a prisoner of war; and none have escaped to tell the tale to the few scattered Paraguayans in the woods save the hapless partner of his sorrows, the unfortunate Mrs. Lynch, and a Paraguayan officer who has lately filled a conspicuous part in this eventful campaign, Caballero.

With nothing but the hurried telegram from Rosario to guide the judgment, it is difficult to treat on this memorable event as it deserves. Had Lopez acted his part as well at the beginning as he did at the finale, his name would have passed to posterity as a hero. Lopez has fallen as he should, sword in hand, and, but for the terrible cruelties which have spread a pall over his native land, the world would to-day gaze with sympathy and admiration on the fallen hero of Aquidaban. But we are not here to write his epitaph; the only act of this extraordinary man since the war begun that commands admiration is his death. Let him sleep!

The telegram from Rosario runs as follows:—Steamer Goya arrived. The *Regeneracion* publishes the following bulletin:—"Camara's forces killed Lopez and his troops in battle at Aquidaban. Lopez fell sword in hand, refusing to surrender. The mother, brother, generals, and Resquin are all prisoners. Madame Lynch has escaped to the woods, where she is concealed. Troops have been sent in pursuit of Caballero."

It may be truly remarked that Lopez was the cause of his own ruin. Had he followed the discreet and wise policy of his father he would be to-day the Republican monarch of Paraguay. Had he had as much genius as ambition, the elements at his disposal were every way sufficient to carry out his programme, but he lacked generalship and the smallest spark of military talent. He was ahead of his age in soaring ambition, and behind it in military science. As a patriot he was nothing, for he refused to leave the country when Gould offered him terms the most honourable. As a soldier he was still less, for he never figured on a battle-field until hunted down at Aquidaban. He has cut a figure in South America which it is difficult to extenuate, and which calls for the calmest contemplation to define.

We may, however, be permitted to congratulate the country at large upon the termination of this war. Without even the necessity of a St. Helena or a scaffold the war has ended as it should; the fight at Aquidaban took place on the 1st of March, Camara's troops had deployed in the night through the woods, and at daybreak came upon Lopez on the left bank of the river; the Paraguayans numbered only a few hundred, the Brazilians the same; but Lopez, from the first moment, it appears, saw "Birmam-wood approaching."

The fight was short, Lopez was surrounded, he fought against all odds, was soon wounded and called on to surrender, which he refused. He died sword in hand, and, having lived like a tyrant, died like a soldier. Caballero, with some Paraguayan troops, was on the other side of the river, and does not appear to have taken any part in the struggle. The Brazilians crossed the stream, and gave chase. Perhaps by next steamer

we shall hear of the capture of this, the last of the Mohicans. Madame Lynch, with her children, has fled to the woods; the rest fell prisoners, and thus the curtain drops.

The news was received in Buenos Ayres with enthusiastic expressions of rejoicing. Fireworks were let off, the church bells rung, and bands of music marched through the streets. Lopez was born at Asuncion on the 24th of July, 1831, his father being Carlos Antonio Lopez, who succeeded to absolute power shortly after the death of the tyrant Francia. His father died in 1862; his mother is still living, having just been captured by the Brazilians. In 1849, during the war of Rosas, Lopez, then a youth of eighteen, with the title of general, was sent by his father, with an army of 10,000 men, to devastate the Misiones de Corrientes, which he did in the most ruthless manner. He was always intended by his father to succeed him in the dictatorship, and with this view old Lopez was anxious to give him the benefits of education and travel. He accordingly sent him, in 1852, with letters, as Paraguayan Envoy Extraordinary, to various European Courts. He spent a year and a half in England, France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, returning to South America in 1854, accompanied by a number of engineers, mechanics, and artisans. Since the fall of Rosas (1852) the navigation of Paraguayan waters had been open to all flags, and the commerce and industry of the country were steadily increasing. Lopez I., on his deathbed bequeathed his power to his son, and this was ratified by the Congress soon after. Hardly a year elapsed before the war of General Flores, in Banda Oriental, induced Lopez to meddle in the affairs of his troublesome neighbours, plunging voluntarily into a war destined to desolate his country. Lopez was a man of limited information, but spoke English, French, and Spanish fluently. He was of a corpulent figure, but not unwieldy; agreeable in conversation with strangers, haughty and arrogant to those around him.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

NO. 10.

FROM THE ODD MAN OUT TO THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

MY DEAR MAN,—When last I had the pleasure of writing to you (by the bye, I am told you published my letter: you really ought not to have done that) I had reason, as you may remember, to complain of the East wind. I regret that I should feel it to be my duty to complain of it still. It pretends that it has gone, but I don't believe it. My own impression is, that it intends blowing icily all the summer. Somebody says that it is all owing to spots on the face of the sun; then I devoutly wish the sun would have the goodness to take something to clear its complexion. The irritability that has been recently exhibited among my immediate circle of friends is quite a psychological study. The quietest, and generally most peaceable domestic hearths, have heard the sounds of marital altercation for the first, and I fear for not the last, time. Everybody's liver is in a state of extension or congestion, and altogether declines to perform its proper functions. Besides which, one is cruelly deprived of one's only before-dinner topic of conversation. A man can't go on day after day remarking "The wind is in the East still," or the South-East, or the North-East, or any other East; for every individual member of society is beginning to take the frigid fact as a personal insult. By the bye, my friend, you know most things—can you explain to me the principle upon which people *always* come late to dinner now-a-days? If I ask anybody to dine with me, he invariably comes (be he noble, or be he gentle, or be he rough), five-and-twenty or thirty minutes after the hour, or half-hour, I happen to invite him for. Why is this? I repeat, why is this? Wherein have I so wronged my friend, when I ask him to partake of my hospitality, such as it is, that he should deliberately keep me waiting twenty minutes and more for my food? Is my character for veracity so impeachable, that when I say half-past seven, he should practically reply, I know you mean eight? I won't stand this sort of thing much longer. I have a fearful retribution in store for some men I know. I am acquainted with some half dozen excellent citizens whose god is their belly, and after privately hinting at a new cook and a toothsome vintage, I shall ask them to dine with me at half-past seven. They will fall greedily into the well-baited trap. I shall solemnly commence dinner, all alone, at seven. I shall enjoy myself immensely for an hour. At eight my epicureans will arrive. They will be shown into my *salle-a-manger*. I shall say—My excellent friends, I fear

you will find the dinner rather cold, and somewhat overdone. I knew your habit; and as half-an-hour too late does not ordinarily interfere with your comforts, I argued that half-an-hour too early couldn't hurt you. Be content. Here is some luke-warm soup, some stale oysters, some chilled salmon, some limp whitebait, a ponderous patty, a greasy entrée, flat champagne, and the rest to match! You, O Man, will cynically reply:—Well, they will never come and dine with you again. Don't you believe it. Won't a pike run at a spinning bait a second time, although he has felt the hooks once? If you doubt it, go to the South Kensington, and ask the intelligent Mr. Buckland his opinion on the subject.

Writing about dinners, reminds me of a stomachic topic which ought to be publicly and thoroughly discussed during this spring—always supposing we really are going to have some spring and summer to follow. I allude to the British *table d'hôte*. It has been my misfortune occasionally to assist at these fearful experiments; and I am compelled to say that they are invariably failures on the most gigantic scale. I will not be so invidious as to single out individual hotels for animadversion, for they are all equally bad, as far as my experience goes. It really would seem that my countrymen, when travelling in their own favoured land, are prepared meekly to feed on the most utter garbage that the ingenuity of the most intolerable cooks can devise. Do not most of us know too well the terrors and torments of the public dinner at half-past six, or earlier, at the monster hotels, that brood like gorgeous nightmares over every lonely spot in our native climes that we may be rash enough to visit? The attendance is usually simply execrable, every dish is luke-warm, and the whole cooking absolutely beneath contempt. How long, I ask, in amazement, will the travelling public meekly submit to the gross insults that are perpetually heaped upon its long-suffering stomach? For the repast—which is generally more fitted for the ravenous animals at the Zoological Gardens than for reasonable beings—we have to pay a considerable price; and it really is high time that we should get our money's worth, to say nothing of a proper consideration for our general health and lawful enjoyment. We are assured by some sanguine people, that this is an age of Reforms; well, perhaps it is, and by the time we can get into a through carriage from London to Paris, we may hope to enjoy at a British Table of the guest, a dinner equal to a third-rate Paris Restaurant. My chief wonder is, that when people can enjoy themselves so much more comfortably and cheaply on the Continent, they should ever waste their money and their time in agonising over the beauties of their native land so long as British hotel-managers put them to such utter misery as they appear at present to glory in doing. As to wine, the prices are simply preposterous. I altogether decline to pay at the rate of a hundred and forty-four shillings a dozen for a bottle of very doubtful champagne, much as I like that invigorating beverage in a purer state. Farewell, &c., THE ODD MAN OUT.

P.S.—Don't go publishing this.
[Certainly not.—M.A.T.]

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXV.—MINUET.

First—

You danced a quadrille and a minuet,
Then you looked out for the supper-room;
And when you got fairly within, you ate
'Till you had filled all your upper room.

COOTE AND TINNEY.

Second—

The way that you danced in the minuet
At the ball, love, approached impropriety;
And of turtle the platefuls of fin you ate
Exceeded the wants of satiety;
To our formal ways perhaps I may win you yet
(Though to me you're a pleasant variety);
But such conduct, dear, should you continue it,
Will rather astonish society.

UNCLE DROS.

Third—

After the minuet
I long'd for lobster;
But the last tin you ate!
Don't mind my sobs, sir.

ROSE.

DEAREST HELEN.

Dearest Helen! you remember we were sitting
In the alcove, with the flowers upon the ground,
With the shadows of the branches gently flitting
In the moonbeams that were playing all around.
You were fanning lest the others should have missed you
From the ball-room, and you closed the sweet duet;
And I begged you, love, as fondly then I kissed you,
Just to favour me with one more minuet.
Dearest Helen! you consented and we parted,
For you wished that I should let you go alone;
And I knew that you were never craven-hearted
And you thought our tête-à-tête would not be known.
So I watched you through the grounds, and followed after,
Though I left that pleasant spot with much regret;
Soon I found you 'mid the scene of mirth and laughter,
And I claimed you for that promised minuet.

Dearest Helen! we imagined we were clever
Thus to catch a few sweet minutes of repose,
They were precious to us both; and love, we never
Thought that any other eyes had witnessed those.
But a pair of very jealous ones were peeping,
Jealous ears had caught each tender epithet;
And their owner, in the shadow gently creeping,
Saw us dance together that last minuet.

Dearest Helen! what a fuss there was next morning!
I was carpeted before your stern papa;
And he gave me such a lecture, such a warning,
I really thought that I should go too far;
But the thought of you restrained my indignation—
One kind heart, we know, outweighs a coronet—
I explained, and he received my explanation,
And your hand I won all through that minuet.

Dearest Helen! then I sought that wretched groper
In the garden, who had dared us to betray;
Such a thrashing did I give the interloper,
That he surely must remember to this day.
And the coward never wanted satisfaction,
Though you thought he would, and once began to fret,
Fearing pistol-bullets might be set in action
'Gainst your partner in that darling minuet!

Dearest Helen! we had not to wait much longer,
I sold out, and then we settled down in life;
And affection year by year has still grown stronger,
Since the day I claimed my darling for my wife.
For the little ones that now are prattling round us,
And for you, my own, my ever constant pet,
I now thank the happy moonlight hour that found us
In the alcove, just before that minuet. PARIS.

The chiefs danc'd a minuet
Over the stranger;
Nails, hair, and sinews ate—
So died the ranger! SEC.

A Turk was praying in a minaret;
His goddess wife appeared,
Say's she, "Forsooth we'll walk a minuet,
By Allah Resoul's beard."

The Turk replied, "If in a minaret
A Pagan dance were seen;
I mean in fact a graceful minuet,
The faithful would turn green."

IMPERITUS MORUM.

Oh fair is the land of the myrtle and olive!
In the warm sunny South, where to love is to live.
Where warm hearts beat high, and pleasure no sin is—
("Vide" Byron—Don Juan and Donna Inez)
Where they love the guitar, and the light castanet—
Dance the rapid fandango—the slow minuet.
DON ROBERTO.

The lovely Blanche, at last night's ball,
A chicken's legs, all sinew, ate;
For supper—there weren't no wings for all—
Then danced with me a minuet.

Ah, lovely Blanche, how fares thy pate?
That *soufflé* made with gin you ate?
Must make it reel at wilder rate
Than mine did through that minuet.

Try "S and B", my pretty B,
And then, if all your tin you let
Stand in my name, together we
Shall dance through life a minuet! C.

I cannot dance a minuet,
I lack the needful grace;
In polkas I can't spin you yet
Some man to take my place.
I'd do anything to win you, yet
You're to dancing so attached;
I've started a back sinew, pet,
And fear I must be scratched. STRING HALT.

ANTINOUS.—Your suggestion seems a very good one. We will think it over.

Competition Papers received from Mary S.; N.N.; Noormahal; Whipperry; A. P.; Marshal Ney; Violet; Q in the Corner; Pauline; O. O. X.; Padre; West Wind; Jocelyn; Fanfan; Rose; F.; Moth; Antinous; Capet; Deutemps.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXVI.—SARABAND.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the M. A. T. Office not later than Thursday noon.

* All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THISTLES (Glasgow).—We hope you will not be compelled to eat your own words.

LARS FOREMAN.—Practice Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. You will find it a charming composition for a single instrument.

L.—Mr. Jardine's colours are those of a bruise, blue and black. More suitable to the other Ring, no doubt, but an old and honourable combination.

MISS PROSS.—We cannot inform you. A Trade Directory will; or you can take a return ticket to Berwick-upon-Tweed, which is, we have heard, a chaste and interesting city.

ENQUIRER.—What can such a paper know of such matters? You might as well turn to the *Record* for information upon Nurr and Spell.

DOMINO.—You can try; but you will only, we fear, succeed in drawing a double blank.

THE MAN ABROAD.

Up to the hour of going to press our usual letter from Abroad had not come to hand.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—Il Flauto Magico. Half-past Eight.

DRURY LANE.—Rigoletto. Half-past Eight.

ADELPHI.—My Precious Betsy—The Prompter's Box—Whitebait at Greenwich. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Little Faust. Half-past Seven.

OLYMPIC.—My Turn Next—At Eight: Frou-Frou—The Varsity Boat Race Seven.

STRAEND.—Widow's Weeds—Sir George and a Dragon—A Fish Out of Water. Half-past Seven.

GAIETY.—The Princess of Trebizond—A Lucky Friday. Seven.

PAINTER OF WALLS.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: School—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—Twist Axe and Crown—My Wife's Denist. Seven.

ROYALTY.—Lore's Doctor—At Nine: Black Eyed Susan—Rely on my Discretion. Half-past Seven.

VAUDEVILLE.—For Love or Money—Don Carlos—Cupboard Love. Half-past Six.

GLOBE.—Milky White—Robert Macaire. Half-past Seven.

CHARING CROSS.—The Twin Sisters—Ixion. Seven.

ASTLEY'S.—Peep o' Day. Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

NEXT week will see our borders in the occupation of foreign invaders, our only cause of complaint against whom is that they come among us too seldom. They are unmistakably from perfidious Gaul, these foreign legionaries: their charges may be considered dangerous; they use their arms well; understand their pieces; are excellently drilled; and constitute a very formidable corps. Yet we endure their presence without even invoking the name of the IRON DUKE. Not only do we welcome them with open arms, but we even pay them handsomely for their visit, and remind them, on parting, to be sure and come back next year. It will be hardly necessary to add that they form the well-known Light Company, under the command of General FÉLIX, and that their first engagement will take place in Oxford Street.

It is not with the intention of depreciating our many excellent articles of home manufacture that I venture to say that stage-plays are among those things they manage best in France. It is not, I think, by any means certain that we have not as good actors here as any who ever stuttered and frittered (as I once heard that quotation rendered) his hour upon Vaudeville or Porte St. Martin stage. We have certainly as clever stage managers, and have no lack, if play-bills may be trusted, of artistic scene-painters, costumiers, gasmen, machinists, or "assistants." We have one or two charming play-wrights, and legions of adapters, who can translate "Bois de Boulogne" into "Rotten Row" with neatness and despatch. Separately, it seems as if we possessed every element essential to the production of a good, well-acted, smoothly-running play, put on the stage (to paraphrase Mrs. CRUPP) in the way in which we could wish to see it done.

Prejudice apart, what is the fact? We are overwhelmed with theatres; we produce a good play (perhaps) once a-year, and have no single efficient company. We have half-a-dozen stars of more or less brilliancy, which serve to render the obscurity of a background of ill-trained, clumsy, supernumeraries only too palpable. We have absurd caricatures of well-known places and incidents; monstrous libels on society; ridiculous perversions of history; or plain idiocy, as our dramatic food. Our second-rate stage ladies, as a rule, dress like Formosa, and have the manners of a maid-of-all-work out for a holiday; our stage gentlemen, of the same class, get themselves up after Mr. VANCE, retain their hats in the drawing-room, and, generally, bring the ease and grace of the skittle-alley into the circles which admit their plush waistcoats and Berlin gloves. To contemplate the *guests* in a modern comedy is at once one of the saddest yet most ludicrous sights I know.

On the French stage, with no greater brilliancy on the part of its stars, there is a uniformity of lustre in its milky-way to which our own is a stranger. The *ingénue* may not be more tender or engaging than our own Miss SMITHERS, who does the bookmuslin parts at the "Crown;" the *jeune premier* is probably neither more unaffected or more irresistible than the JONES we all know and admire. But the maiden aunt, the lover's stupid friend, the ridiculous *confidante* of the beloved one—even JOSEPH, who announces dinner, or LOUIS, who brings in a letter on a tray, are just as good in their way as the hero or heroine. There is no such thing as slovenliness in French acting. Every part is a study, and is as carefully fitted into the whole piece as a bit of enamel into a mosaic. There seems to be a feeling for their art among a French company. They may fight for the best parts; but those to whom fall the worst seem proud to show what they can achieve with such materials.

How far the custom, of which Mr. BYRON so justly complains, of giving a piece to the world before successive rehearsals have fitted it for first night's criticism, it is difficult to say; but the influence can hardly be very great, as the improvement in the particular cases to which I refer is seldom very marked, even at the close of a long run. The uninteresting aunt is careless and stupid to the end of the chapter; and JOHN, who mispronounced his words, and used his left hand for his right on the first night, is as likely as not to do so on the eve of the departure of the company for the seaside.

I may just say here that it is hardly fair to throw the responsibility of first night's criticisms on the critic. The manager produces a piece; the public desires, without loss of time, to know what it is like; the critic, who is the servant of the public, has no choice but to comply with the demand. If the manager chooses to produce a piece imperfectly rehearsed—full of waits, and hitches, and unevennesses—so much the worse for him. Criticism cannot stop until repetition has made his actors and scene-shifters perfect. It is not the critic's fault that the piece is not presentable. No one compels the manager to "ring up" till he pleases.

In good sadness, a dramatic critic's calling is beset with thorns: more now, when every third house is a playhouse, than ever. He must not come to his work late, nor, according to Mr. BYRON, must he get there too early. He must do his duty to the public, and be careful to keep well with the manager. Woe to him (from his proprietor) if he fails to give a "trenchant" review of the last new failure. Away with him (by the author) if he ranks the new drama below Lord LYTON's happiest effort. He must be truthful, yet amiable; pungent, yet kindly; smart and tender; rea-

sonably severe and pardonably lax; oil and vinegar; acetic acid and DALBY's carminative. *The Man About Town* kept a critic once, but between us, we led him such a life, that he applied for the post of Deputy-Assistant Turncock (with a seat at the sink) to this parish, and left us for another and a purer sphere. He was a large, mild man, with a family and feelings, and could not bear up against the remonstrances, alternately tearful and abusive, of those about or for whom he had too conscientiously endeavoured to tell the truth. (I have a wiry bachelor in view who will tic-kel them.) And in England, at all events, I will maintain, though I be led a Martha to the stake in consequence, there are some actors who are not of the surpassing excellence which their friends and the local journals would have the world believe.

And this brings us back to the point whence we set out. The delightful entertainment which France will provide for us next week—an entertainment which, it may be prophesied, will change the Petræan and deserted character of the Princess's to one more in accordance with that of the *entrepreneur*—should form a study as well as an amusement. If the great Mr. DE RANTER be not above taking a hint, he may learn something from our allies in the management of—say, hat and arms, worth attention. If Miss VOLUMINA SMITHERS be not beyond teaching, she may get a wrinkle (besides those acquired in the course of nature) in the art of personal adornment which will enhance her already great attractions threefold. In spite of the flatteries of the *Little Quackington Observer* (with which is incorporated the *Piddlebury Courant*), they have both something—a very little, but yet something—to learn.

LONDON LYRICS.

No. 20.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

DONE INTO PLAIN ENGLISH.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You needn't make that ugly frown:
You thought to break the County Bank
For fun before you left the town:
On me you smiled, but this here child
Knows just a trick worth two of that;
You cannot catch a whale, you know,
By offering him a modest sprat.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You've got a handle to your name;
Just take that little title off,
And Vere and Jones are much the same.
Nor would I jilt, for all the gilt
And glory of your golden charms,
My simple sweetheart, whose small dowry
I'd sooner have than all your farms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some greener pupil you must find;
To make myself a thorough ass
I am not anxiously inclined;
You looked at me, and thought you'd see
How big a fool I could become;
The great Panjandrum's self don't care
Less about you than I do, Mum!

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Unpleasant memories you recall:
Not thrice three times you've changed your cook
Since I beheld young Thompson's fall
Oh your big eyes—your bright hair dyes—
Belle of the season though you be!
He wrote a name across a cheque
Which wasn't quite his own, you see!

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he stood within the dock,
He added to your noble name
An adjective which you would shock;
And oft I heard him breathe a word
Familiar to the British ear—
Not quite a blessing, and it rhymed
To lamb—and not to Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

There sits a night-mare on your bed,

Poor Thompson in his convict suit—

He sadly shakes his close-cropped head.

You plied your wiles—your siren smiles,

And he proposed : you said, "I fear

You really do forget yourself—

You're Thompson, and I, Vere de Vere!"

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,

Though you are what is called a nob,

The daughter of a British earl,

You've acted like a British snob.

What'er you be, it seems to me,

When I your conduct closely scan,

'T is money makes the man—but oh!

'T is manners make the gentleman!

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere—

The fact is, you've a little mind,

And you are simply bored to death

If fresh excitement you can't find:

The case is plain, you're very vain,

And think that all must worship you;

And so you flirt with foolish boys

Because you've nothing else to do.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,

Do shake yourself a little, pray—

For life has better things than balls,

And higher objects than croquet.

Go—learn to use the sewing-machine,

Put all sensation tales aside—

Man wants a woman—not a smart

Bedizened dolly—for his bride.

AN INDIAN GRIEVANCE.

ON the 3rd October, 1838, Syed Munsoor Ullee, the present Nawab Nazim, ascended the throne of his ancestors, succeeding to an inheritance which, shorn as it was of much of its splendour, still retained the semblance, at least, of its ancient dignity and importance. The cannon from Fort William thundered out their congratulations in honour of the accession of the young Soobadar. The proclamation of his rights and dignities was read at the head of the troops in garrison, to the accompaniment of volleys of musketry. Every empty acknowledgment of the high rank and consideration of the new potentate was made in due form; and if official assurance could have set his mind at rest, His Highness was bound to have believed, as he was requested, "that the same degree of consideration and attention as were shown to the late Nawab by the British Government will be equally experienced by your Highness, and the dignity and honour of the illustrious house which you now represent will ever be an object of care and solicitude to this Government."

In due course, also, as we have before indicated, successive Governors-General presented to the Nawab their personal assurance of the high consideration in which His Highness's person and office were held by the Government, and of the reliance he might place on the latter's adherence to all treaty rights and obligations incurred by their predecessors. Of these assurances, which form, in point of fact, virtual ratifications of the treaties to which they refer, we will give a brief specimen from the letters of three Governors-General. On the arrival of Sir Henry Hardinge, in 1844, he addressed the Nawab in the following terms:—"Be assured, the regard, esteem, and interest felt by my predecessors, and their zeal to uphold your rank, dignity, and honour, and to promote your interest and welfare, will ever be cordially and heartily evinced by this sincere well-wisher." Under date 12th January, 1848, the Marquis of Dalhousie took great pains to assure His Highness that "this friend is desirous, and bent, heart and soul, to do all he can to knit the ties of attachment and friendship, and to connect the bond of harmony and concord between the Honourable East India Company and your Highness, and that personal sentiments of the highest regard and esteem should confirm the relations between us, while zealously striving to promote the interest, establish the authority, and maintain the best understanding between all the States and Sardars of Hind and the Deccan, and this high and paramount Power, by strict observance

of word and bond, and enduring fulfilment of compact and treaty in terms of existing conditions, stipulations, and articles arranged and concerted." And Lord Canning, on assuming the vice-regal purple in 1858, adds this no less weighty assurance:—"Your Highness may be assured, the consideration, respect, and friendly interest in the prosperous administration of your affairs, and just regard to the honours and dignities due to your hereditary rank and the prescriptive privileges of your high station, guaranteed by the existing stipulations of subsisting treaties and long-established relations, observed and cherished by former Governors-General, will, on the part also of this sincere friend, be fervently fostered and punctually fulfilled."

Of the earlier part of the Nawab Syed Munsoor Ullee's reign, commenced when he was but nine years of age, there is little to record. His Highness, being a minor, was, of course, incapable of conducting his affairs in person; and, although we hear of such purchases on his behalf as 2,700*l.* worth of "buhl cabinets," such revenues as he retained were permitted to accumulate, so far as we can see, without any serious encroachment. Knowing the attractions the "degree of nonage" presented to the Government, it must be considered highly creditable to them that no seizure was made during that tempting period, and that no proposition was made to the young Nawab to employ—say, a dozen lakhs or so—in the endowment of any new office suitable to a great man's nephew.

Nothing of this kind took place; but the sinister period of "nonage" was not to be permitted to pass without due recognition. No sooner did the sombre destiny which seemed to cling to this royal house appear to clear in one direction than it became overcast in another. No sooner had the Government relaxed in their combined attacks than the Nawab began to suffer at the hands of an individual. No sooner had the Board of Directors seemed to have been at length brought to consider His Highness's future to have undergone sufficient depletion, than it was taken in hand by Mr. Torrens.

Of what the Nawab mildly characterises as the "extraordinary proceedings" of this gentleman we will now give a brief summary.

On the Nawab coming of age, he was waited on by Mr. H. Torrens, then Agent Governor-General, and induced by him, under pain of the Governor-General's displeasure, to sign a document authorising the sale of the Government securities belonging to His Highness. These securities were the savings accumulated during the Nawab's minority, and amounted to 19,81,300 rupees. This sum was after increased by re-investments to 24,40,700 rupees—over 240,000*l.* sterling. The pretence on which Mr. Torrens obtained the Nawab's acquiescence to placing so great a sum at his disposal was, that the Government were desirous of seeing the money judiciously laid out in the purchase of landed estates for the benefit of His Highness. Having obtained the necessary sanction for this sale, Mr. Torrens appointed the firm of Mackenzie, Lyall, & Co., of Calcutta, financial agents to the Nawab, and instructed them to dispose of the securities in question, which, under the instructions of the Agent, they accordingly did. The funds once in Messrs. Mackenzie's hands, Mr. Torrens proceeded to pass orders on them, not as a private individual, but as Agent Governor-General. It would be tedious to detail the various ways in which the sums—of which the Agent, by holding out threats of the Governor-General's displeasure, had succeeded in getting the command—were dissipated. Suffice it to say that, by incredible negligence—if nothing worse—on the part of the Agent and his creatures, the whole amount was wasted and misappropriated.

To conceal the disappearance of the misappropriated monies, Messrs. Mackenzie, Lyall, & Co. were induced, in Mr. Torrens' words, to "alter the heading and entries" the accounts being, still to quote that ingenious financier, withheld from the Rajah "until the balance was a little square." It was not fated, of course, that that desirable consummation should be obtained. In two months seventeen lakhs were expended; in less than two years the Nawab's name actually appeared in Messrs. Mackenzie's books a DEBTOR!

A Nawab even will turn on extreme occasions; and in 1854 a suit was instituted by His Highness against Messrs. Mackenzie, Lyall, and Co., the proceedings in which incontrovertibly proved the frightful waste, misappropriations, and defalcations that had taken place, under the sanction and connivance of the officer appointed to act as protector of the interests he had so wantonly neglected. Just at the time when it appeared likely that a full and responsible investigation of the accounts would take place, Mr. Torrens died; and it will scarcely be credited that, on his death, the Government directed all proceedings to be stopped. As the acts complained of were committed or sanctioned by Mr. Torrens, not as an individual, but in his official capacity as the representative of Government, it is impossible to characterise such a deliberate interference with the course of justice too severely. In the former case there might possibly have seemed some grounds for declining to re-open a question which the decease of the chief actor would have virtually closed. But Governments—at least the harder sorts—never die. Their actions, whether for good or evil, remain eternal witnesses for or against them; they never lose their responsibility for the most trivial action performed by the meanest of their subordinates. By every rule of morality and equity, our Government was responsible in this case for the acts of its accredited Agent. These acts, characterised by Lord Canning, and even by Lord Halifax, as they deserved—involving the greatest discredit to the Government and frightful loss to the Nawab—were permitted to go unpunished. But restitution is not only possible, but is a sacred duty, until the due performance of which, the Government which declines such an obvious act of justice will rest under a cloud. Divested of official jargon, the fact remains that the Nawab has been robbed of a sum of money, in the name of Government, by its trusted representative. Admitting the justice of the accusations against their Agent, they decline to make good the loss, and even to permit the "re-opening" of the subject. The most charitably disposed can place but one construction on such conduct: British honour is weighed against certain lakhs of rupees, and found wanting.

The Grumbler.

UP, Guards, and at 'em! The Duke never said it. Didn't he? Well, I never said he did; only everybody says he did, and though he said he didn't, I suppose what everybody says most people believe. However, I repeat, Up, Guards, and at 'em! At who? At what? Why, at all the hue and cry and hubbub that has been raised, and letters written, because a few days since three privates—one from the Grenadiers, the other two from the Coldstreams—were charged with disgraceful offences in the Metropolis, and had very properly to pay the penalty of their felonious proceedings. Well, what of that? Why, next morning, Vesuvius bursts forth, Etna boils, and Hecla runs over with indignation and two columns at the insubordination and impolicy of the Guards. Now just hear what Colonel Hardinge writes of his regiment, the Coldstreams. He says that from the 1st April, 1869, to the 1st April, 1870, one year, in fact, only 13 out of 1695 men who were serving in that regiment had been convicted by the civil authorities for misdemeanour or crime. Come, now, 13 out of close upon 1700 is not actually one per cent., so that the odds are more than 99 to 1 against the misbehaviour of these much-maligned privates in the Coldstreams, at all events. Can you say as much for any other body of men drawn from the same class? When was an officer of the Guards otherwise than the synonyme of a perfect gentleman, or rank and file otherwise than typical of the highest discipline and truest bravery? The noon at Mont St. Jean, and the morn at Inkermann, will live for ever; and the whole brigade of the Guards, despite all the articles ever written, will ever flourish as the most popular corps, and London's own pride.

What on earth are the civil, or rather uncivil authorities about? Of course, I mean the park-

keepers, allowing perambulators to run their wild career along our now over-crowded Row? What, perambulators in Rotten Row? Ah, you may well ask the question, and open your eyes with amazement at the reply. Why yesterday, between the favourite hours of eleven to two, you might have counted thirteen to the dozen. Now, although as a rule the Row is rather a favourable place than otherwise for a quiet flirtation, perambulators are not adapted to their facilitation. Susan Jane, not having the fear of Missus's eye being upon her or her infant charge, the hopeful young Augustus George, heir to the noble house of Smith, of Sloane-street, or somewhere thereabouts—Susan Jane, I say, fresh from the country, and never having seen "the likes" before, admiringly gazing at the exquisite horsemanship of that charming young Amazon cantering past, unfeelingly drives the wheels of her perambulator right across the toes of your fresh varnished boots with no more regard or compunction for your corns than if they were pebbles; or else, meeting Eliza, Mrs. Brown's nurse from Hans-place, with her little charge, the darling Miss Sarah Matilda, in another spic-and-span nuisance, stops to have a quiet chat, and both pulling up in the very middle of the path-way, block up the whole Row; and while recounting Missus's grievances and Master's late hours, oblige stout Lady Macumference and her gallant aide-de-camps to make a quarter of an hour's halt, by which time the infant Master George and promising Miss Matilda have ogled each other into a nap, and are wheeled away with hopeless passion in their infant bosoms, and their dear little thumbs in their mouths. No; I do say, most positively, perambulators have no right to the Row, and most decidedly ought not to be permitted there any more than hack cabs. If fond mothers wish their darlings to be taken—wheeled, I should say—to the Park, and very proper, no doubt, that they should, then there ought to be a part specially reserved for them, and where they would be a nuisance to none but themselves; and where nurses could wheel or gossip as long as they chose, and dear babies suck their thumbs till the darlings fell asleep. Yes! why not make a small park within the Park—an *Imperio in Imperio*—rail it off to itself, and call it Little Babylon, only, goodness sake, take care it is out of cry-and-squall reach of our own Rotten Row.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

THE doings of the week have been entirely confined to betting on future events. The quotations for the Chester Cup have undergone no material alteration; but there is an evident tendency to support the second rank of favourites, of whom Formosa, the stable companion of the favourite, is one. In consequence of this, Sabinus is not quite so firm; but as it is probable that next week will affect his position, favourably or unfavourably, it is scarcely worth while to waste time on a discussion of reasons for this vacillation. Camel has been snuffed out of the Two Thousand Guineas and been driven to a comparatively long price for the Derby, in consequence, it is said, of his leg having filled. Be this as it may, he never has and never shall reckon me among his champions. The field for the former event is rapidly diminishing, as Bridgewater paid forfeit some ten days since, and neither Macgregor nor Sunshine can be expected to be found at the post. There are thus left but Kingcraft, Astolfo, Sunlight, Stanley, King of Scots, Claudius, Normanby, Prince of Wales, and one or two great outsiders, on whose presence we can count; and even this slender list may be still further diminished before the day. For the Derby, Sunshine has regained her pride of place, and despite the rumours that are current as to the wonderful capabilities of Macgregor, I still stick firmly to my convictions as to the glorious destiny which is in store for the daughter of Thormanby and Sunbeam. I would strongly advise all my readers to follow, at once, the advice I gave them as to backing Cymbal and Prince of Wales for hedging purposes, as they are sure to see a short price before the day, and the latter will run a good horse over the Rowley mile.

The coming week is big with the fate, not only of Sabinus and his stable companions for the two principal races at Newmarket but also of Sir Joseph Hawley's famous resolutions; for, though they only enter their initiatory stage at the coming meeting of the Jockey Club, it will be easy to gather from the reception which is accorded to them what are the chances of their ultimate success. I have alluded to them on so many occasions that I will not weary my readers by repeating the arguments already adduced, but wait in hope and patience, that their cardinal principles, at least, may be embodied in Turf law. The Craven Meeting has never depended much on two-year-old races, and will, therefore, suffer less than some of the earlier meetings from their enforced absence. The programme, however, is a very meagre one, the entries for the sweepstakes, &c., being very wretched; and the time-honoured Claret and Port Stakes have dwindled down to the most contemptible dimensions. Unless the overnight Plates and Handicaps come to the rescue, it will be sport indeed!

On Monday we have the Bretby Stakes, with the considerable entries of 46; but as the first, second, and third for the Spencer Plate are among the number, and as the weights were adjusted before that race was run, I fear the field will not be a very large one. Bosworth, 7st 6lb (including a 5lb penalty), meets the Amaranth colt, 8st 5lb, on the same terms as at Northampton, while St. George encounters the pair on 9lb better terms, but will, I apprehend, fail to improve on his position. Of the remainder, Miss Dayrell, 8st 9lb, and Verdure, 5st 12lb, a three-year-old filly in Baron Rothschild's team, alone have any charms for me. The former of these must hold the Amaranth colt safe on their running in the Guy Cup, at Warwick, last autumn, where she gave him 17lb, and beat him a long way. He lost start, it is but fair to add; but still, had he got well off, he might have been nearer, but could not have beaten her. As here he gets but 4lb, it does not seem feasible that he can turn the tables. Indeed, if Miss Dayrell starts, I should prefer her to anything in the race; and after her, Bosworth. The Craven Stakes may be contested by Rosicrucian, Wildbad, and King of Scots, and of these I decidedly should back Rosicrucian.

On Tuesday, the Three-year-old Biennial is the chief item; but we can hardly look for so interesting an event as last year, when Pero Gomez, Duke of Beaufort, Rysworth, and Tenedos, took part in it, or as in '68, when The Earl and Blue Gown ran their great race together. On the present occasion the field is likely to be a moderate one (and perhaps for that very reason a numerous one), as Astolfo, Captivator, Pandore, Alexander, Perambulator, Revenge, and St. George are the only candidates who have the faintest claim to be considered cracks. Pandore, who ran very well last year, may not yet be fit, or I should prefer her even to Mr. Graham's two champions. Alexander has been talked about for the Two Thousand Guineas, probably in anticipation of his running in this event; but I am unable to hear that he is anything like his stable companions in excellence. Should Pandore come fit and well to the post, she should be my choice; if not, I must go for Mr. Graham's representative, whichever it may be, though I freely confess that under no circumstances do I fancy their Derby chance. The once famous Riddleworth is reduced to a match between Mr. Cartwright and Lord Stamford, with two animals quite unknown, of which, perhaps, Mr. Cartwright's THORWATER is the least bad. The 100 Sovs. Sweepstakes, for fillies, should be won by MAHONIA, and the Sale Stakes by ETRUSCAN. The 50 Sovs. Sweepstakes, for colts, has only three entries, of which GREEN RIBAND is superior to Newsmen. On Wednesday, apart from the Newmarket Handicap, there are but two closed items,—the Column Stakes, which may be won by GOLDSBOROUGH, if he comes to Newmarket, and in his absence by CAREFAX; and a 50 Sovs. Sweepstakes, which WAVE may be allowed to walk over for. For the Newmarket Handicap, Sabinus, with only 6st 13lb, including his penalty, will frighten away a lot of competitors, and, beyond one of Count Lagrange's pair, Nelusko, 8st 6lb, and Gondolier, 8st 5lb, Wildbad, 7st 10lb, Chérie, 7st 6lb, Chawbacon, 6st 12lb, Winifred, 6st 10lb, Blue Bell colt,

6st 10lb, Falkland, 6st 6lb, Transgressor and Golden Horn, 6st 11b each, I hardly know where to look for a starter. Should Sabinus run, he must have my undoubted allegiance; but if he is kept for Chester, the race would become a more open one, though in that case I should expect FALKLAND will beat the Blue Bell colt and Chérie, and, in any event, secure a place. The Baron must get the line of them all for Wildbad through Midsummer; but he has always run such an uncertain horse, that I fear to recommend him, even if the trial is a favourable one. On Thursday, the Aske Produce Stakes is a gift for FALKLAND, and the 100 Sovs. Sweep for GOLDSBOROUGH, if he comes to Newmarket. Nobleman may beat Perambulator over the D.M. course in his race, and the Claret Stakes is a walk over for PERO GOMEZ. The four-year-old Biennial has a large entry, and, of course, includes last year's winner, Pero Gomez (with a 7lb penalty), Martynod, Midsummer, Rysworth, and Duke of Beaufort. If the first of these comes to the post, I should stand him with all his extra impost, and, in his absence, prefer MIDSUMMER to the St. Leger second. The match between Blue Gown and See Saw may end in the latter paying forfeit; but if it is run, BLUE GOWN is sure to revenge his defeat in the Cambridgeshire of 1868. Only two of Friday's items are complete, a sweepstakes over the Rowley Mile, which is a certainty for GERTRUDE, and the Bennington Stakes, for which ten wretched animals are entered, of whom, perhaps, CAREFAX may prove the best bad.

FORECAST.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

NEWMARKET HANDICAP.	
Even on Sabinus (taken and offered)	
5 to 1 agst Wildbad (taken)	
5 — 1 — Blue Bell colt (taken and offered)	
8 — 1 — Falkland (offered)	
20 — 1 — Brennus (taken)	
20 — 1 — any other (offered)	
TWO THOUSAND.	
5 — 2 — Kingcraft (offered)	
7 — 1 — Sunlight (offered)	
8 — 1 — Stanley (taken)	
8 — 1 — King of Scots (taken and offered)	
9 — 1 — Astolfo (taken)	
12 — 1 — Hawthorneden (taken and offered)	
20 — 1 — Claudius (offered)	
25 — 1 — Alexander (offered)	
CHESTER CUP.	
14 — 1 — Siderolite (taken)	
33 — 1 — Paul Jones (taken and offered)	
THE DERBY.	
20 — 1 — Stanley (taken)	

TURF REFORM.

(FIRST LETTER.)

(To the Editor of the PALL MALL GAZETTE.)

SIR,—Permit me, now that the Easter holidays have in some degree diminished the pressure on your space, to ask permission for the insertion of this letter.

Its object is to set forth clearly the reforms which I believe to be necessary to prevent the deterioration of our breed of horses, to preserve a fine old English sport from being eschewed by all honourable men, from becoming the appanage of touts, tipsters, and black-legs, and from being eventually proscribed by the Legislature as being an instrument of demoralisation which can no longer be endured.

I am pertinacious in this matter because I assert, even with the fear of Admiral Rous before my eyes, that we, the Jockey Club, can single-handed carry out nearly every necessary reform; and I assert with equal confidence that when our power falls short the Legislature, if applied to, will promptly give a favourable answer to our appeal.

I have, after consideration, modified some of my original proposals, though maintaining their principle intact; and, with regard to my present proposals, I shall thankfully receive and adopt suggestions which may better tend to carry out the great object which I have in view.

I should have wished, had it been possible, to have arranged the proposed reforms under two heads—the one exclusively referring to the breed of horses, and the other to the abatement of those evils arising from our present racing system which, to use the words of Admiral Rous, "have affected the morals of almost every branch of society." I have, however, found both objects so closely intertwined that I am obliged, more or less, to touch on both of them at the same time.

At the next general meeting of the Jockey Club, in Easter week, I shall propose that a committee of the Club shall be appointed to sit in London to consider certain suggestions which I shall lay before them, and to report upon them to a general meeting of the Club, to be held also in London. I lay a stress on the meetings being held in London, as to hold committee meetings in Newmarket, amid the hurry and excitement of the races, and in the absence of some of the most eminent members of the Club, who are detained in London on Parliamentary duty, would be a mere farce, in which I have no intention of being an actor.

To begin at the beginning of the racehorse's career, I shall propose,

1st. That racehorses shall for the future take their ages from March 25.

In making this proposal I am urging no innovation. The age of racehorses was, until the year 1833, dated from May 1; though there was no objection to horses foaled after January 1. In those days there were no great early public sales, no early two-year-old races, no great early handicaps; consequently, there was no object in bringing forward mares to foal before the months of April, May, and June. The proposal was, I believe, that of Lord Stradbroke, the very last man to have urged a course which was likely to prejudice the breed of horses and to encourage gambling. Had horses continued to take their age from May 1, there could have been no two-year-old races before May, and the early spring handicaps would have been comparatively small, as those horses which are now two-year-olds would have been yearlings, and the now three-year-olds would have been two-year-olds. Public patience would have hardly tolerated the running of two-year-olds over two miles, and the running of yearlings at all.

The alteration, as far as I can understand, was made without the slightest suspicion of the consequences which have followed, but in order that, inasmuch as the 2,000 Guineas Stakes was to be run for by three-year-olds, no difficulty should arise in case the day for that race should fall before May 1. The result of this alteration has been most prejudicial to the breed of horses, the object now being to get the foal dropped as near as possible to January 1. The date of the birth is announced in the sale bill, and larger prices have hitherto been given for an early foal because it is thought to have advantage over its later rivals in the early two-year-old races.

As a breeder of racehorses for a considerable period, I can attest, what must be manifest to all who reflect on the subject for one minute, that this early time of foaling is prejudicial to the strength and soundness of foals. These little strangers are now brought into the world at that period of the year when the earth is bare of grass, and when wet and cold prevail. Artificial food is given to the mares, but that is no substitute for spring grass; and I need hardly say that artificial sunshine and artificial warm winds cannot be imparted to his foals even by the most enterprising breeder. I do not know a more pitiable sight than to watch a number of miserable little wretches shivering in a January breeze, and seeking in vain for that supply of milk which their mothers are unable to give them. I have found late foals, as a rule, the most promising horses; and of course the public object is to multiply sound and vigorous animals. Here, however, Jockey Club legislation steps in, and in order to increase sport they drive me and other breeders into early foaling. The result is the production of unsound weak-constituted animals, and no matter will go on from bad to worse as long as this hot-house forcing unnatural system is pursued. I have proposed that horses should take their age from March 25 (if born before that time they should be deemed yearlings instead of foals, as they would be now if born before January 1), because in a subsequent resolution I have suggested that racing should not commence before that day. Should breeders, however, generally prefer March 1, I should be quite ready to accept that date.

2nd. That the entries for the Derby and Oaks Stakes for the future be made on Tuesday after the Houghton Meeting, instead of in July as at present.

My object is to encourage breeders to sell their yearlings later. If this resolution be carried, the yearlings will have the advantage of being left four months longer in the paddock, instead of being taken up and got ready for sale, and the purchaser will be saved a four months' training bill.

3rd. No two-year-old shall run before September 1, nor shall any two-year-old run in any handicap whatever, or in any race to which public money is given.

The object of this proviso is to prevent altogether early two-year-old running, and to check it, as far as possible, during the later period of the year, by giving to it no encouragement whatsoever. I know it would be hopeless, at present, to think of doing away with all two-year-old racing. I can only hope, therefore, by diminishing the inducements offered to it, to abate its frequency, and thereby mitigate the mischief it creates. By extending the close time against two-year-old running to September, I wish to give young horses relief from the detrimental effects of severe training at a most critical period of their lives; and by holding out the prospect

of comparatively few and small prizes during the rest of the year, I hope to induce the owners of all promising young animals to retain them quietly in the stable until the following year. I may mention that the French, who have taken up the Turf so vigorously as a sport, and not as a mere instrument of gambling, have seen the necessity for the reform I propose, and permit no two-year-old racing before August 1.

4th. To confine the racing season to the period between March 25 and November 5.

I have fixed this date in accordance with the Queen's Plate Articles, which permit no Queen's Plate to be run before March 25 and after November 15. The French have, within the last fortnight, considered the propriety of contracting the limits of racing, and have enacted, as one of the laws of their "Code des Courses," that no horse shall run between November 15 and March 15.

The committee appointed to inquire into the best mode of improving the race of horses in France, say in their report that the three months' racing which takes place in the months of November, February, and March, offers no real sport, no interesting struggle, and that it takes away from the racehorse that period of repose necessary for his conservation. If your readers will turn their eyes to the sporting papers, they will see over forty race-meetings announced for this month; and no doubt, as the season advances, the sport will be more fast and furious. Surely, race-meetings for every day from March to November ought to satisfy the most ardent votary of the Turf—they certainly will satisfy the unfortunate animals who have to perform in these contests.

These four provisions apply mainly to the improvement of the racehorse. In another letter, with your permission, I shall conclude with some proposals of more general reform, which have for their aim to check and contract that wide-spread gambling which, by universal consent, infects and taints our whole social system.—I remain, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH HAWLEY.

Eaton-place.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Promoters of suburban meeting,
See your golden hours are fleeting.
Now your race hath but short span,
Comes the measure, comes the man,
Who with edict clear and keen,
Cuts the reed on which you lean.

1.
From dark to fair, from black to brown,
So constantly it ranges,
It puzzles me, I fairly own,
To follow fashion's changes.

2.
By brave aspiring spirits fondly sought,
The rich may woo it, but it can't be bought,
The sailor leaves it, and returns to port.

3.
Hither and thither, and to and fro,
Tossed about by the stormy seas,
Blown wherever the wild winds blow,
Carried wherever the mad waves please.

4.
The running noose of stout bull-hide
To the hunter's saddle was firmly tied:
Once enmeshed by that throttling rein,
Man or beast may struggle in vain.

5.
Sometimes a soldier, sometimes a civilian,
His word on Stock Exchange worth many a million:

A potentate who, with his iron hand,
Makes straight our ways and undermines our land.

6.
Product of western shores, renowned for cocoa,
Instead of it the NIGGER receives toko.

Fun of the Day.

(From Punch.)

THINGS THEY MANAGE BETTER IN FRANCE.

SCENE—AT A PUBLISHER'S.
"Parlyvoov Ongly, Mossoo?" "Yes, sare." "O—I see you are publishing an annual of the French 'Noblesse'!" "Yes, sare." "Well, my name is—a—is Robinson, in point of fact; but I have some reason to believe that on my mother's side I am distantly connected with the French aristocracy, and I should like to trace—" "Yes, sare, I ondairstand. If you shall vesh to sooscribe to annual—thirty-six franc by year—you shall write in eet any mortal sing in ze world

you please about yourself and your distinguished French extraction."

A PROBLEM SOLVED.—We have found out at last where the Horse Marines serve when afloat. It must be in the "Horse Latitudes."

A LUCKY DOG.—A retriever that will retrieve a gentleman's fortunes.

A FINANCIAL TITLE.—Should the Chancellor of the Exchequer be made a baronet, he would naturally take the title of Sir-plus Lowe.

(From Fun.)

EASTER DECORATIONS.—Pet Curate: What do you wish for now, Miss Bryties?—Miss B.: Yew—if you please!

THINKING ALOUD.—Little Fitch: This, sir, is my picture that was in the Academy last year!—Possible Patron (with bad habit of thinking audibly): Ah, indeed. (To himself, aloud). What could make the hangers put such a thing as that on the walls? He must have offended them in some way.

OLD SAWS WITH NEW HANDLES.—"A bird in the hand"—should be held carefully or it may injure itself in its struggles. "A cat may mow"—the picture of innocence, but don't leave it alone with the canary. "The cobbler's wife is"—in the habit of describing her husband as a shoemaker. "A nod is as good as"—a bid with most auctioneers. "Those who play at bowls"—mustn't do it for beer or money now-a-days for fear of the police.

A GOOD TURN APPRECIATED.—Bestow a glass of sherry on a bottle of seltzer, and it at once becomes a "grateful" beverage.

FURNITURE REMOVED.—Not without good reason does the above advertisement meet the eye at every turn. The greater portion of modern furniture is undoubtedly a long way removed—from good taste.

A SONG FOR SIMS REEVES.—The encore's wai(v)ed.

(From Judy.)

A fair pugilist need not be a striking beauty.

Cigars for ladies—widows' weeds.

It is said that the spring-time makes the skylark soar—This must be painful to the poor skylark.

What is the difference between the duties of your valet and your nurse?—One brushes your hat and the other hushes your brat.

The best band to accompany a lady vocalist—A husband.

A City gentleman, the other day, put his head on one side when in a thoughtful mood, and has not since been able to lay his hand on it.

If a dull joke happened to be the cause of a quarrel, could it not, nevertheless, be called a witty-schism?

Why is a novelist an unnatural phenomenon?—Because his tale comes out of his head.

(From Will-o-the-Wisp.)

A MERCIFUL INTERPRETATION.

First Young Lady.—Oh! what do you think, dear? I have just seen our curate in the smoking carriage! Second Young Lady.—Ah! he is always doing good. He goes there not to smoke, of course, but to keep order; for he says the company in the smoking-carriage is very unruly.

What is the difference between an adulterated drink and a medicine bottle containing a mixture?—One is a vile compound, and the other a compound vile.

It is rumored that the support by the O'Donoghue of the recent Irish measures is about to be rewarded by the bestowal of a colonial governorship on the hitherto rebellious Irish chieftain. In fact, in bidding for the loaves and fishes he has exchanged a pike for a place (place).

In consequence of the present disturbed state of Spain, intending travellers thereto are recommended to exchange their English money in London for pistoles.

(From Punch and Judy.)

"Mrs. GLADSTONE'S HOME."—Just where she ought to be! Strong-minded, suffrage-seeking females "please copy!"

"THE RULE OF THE MONK."—To live "like a fighting cock!"

TAXING HIS PATIENCE.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer is continually being applied to for the repeal of this, that, and the other tax. An "Old Sufferer" has just written to the right hon. gentleman to know whether he cannot do away with *attacks* of gout!

TO CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.—Now, then! Look out! Attention, and don't all speak at once. Why is the pharmacopoeia a paradox? Well then if you can't guess—because you can't dispense *with* it (he! he!), and you can't dispense *without* it (ha! ha! sold again).

We are in a position to announce to intending Alpine tourists, that during the ensuing season they need not trouble to convey refreshments amongst their *impedimenta* when they ascend Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn. They will be sure to find *summit* at the top.

HERE THEY SPIKE THE ENGLISH.—Our friend Jules strolled into the Albion the other day with a view to luncheon. He heard a gentleman order "Chop, and kidney to follow;" and resolved to indulge in that dish himself. To be quite sure of his English in giving the order, he consulted his dictionary, and remarked "Waitare! a schope an keednee to walk behind him."

